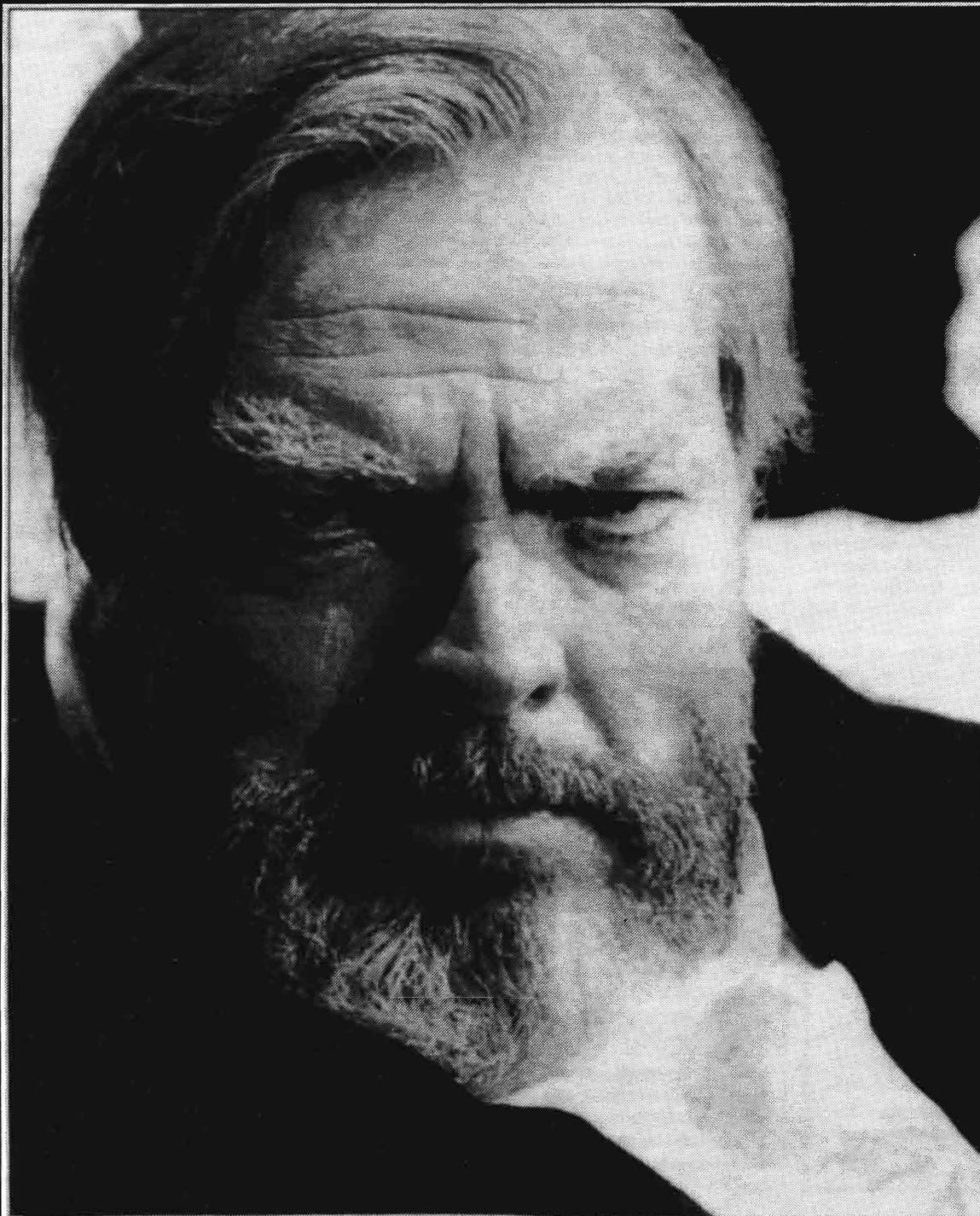


# Instauration®

VOL. 21, NO. 10

SEPTEMBER 1996



The  
Ups  
And  
Downs  
Of  
Orson  
Welles

# The Safety Valve

*In keeping with Instauration's policy of anonymity, most communicants will be identified by the first three digits of their zip code.*

The government is telling Joe Sixpack that the neighbor on his right will be a queer, on his left a Mexican, across the street a black. On the thither side of his backyard fence will be a drug rehab center. What's more, not only does Joe have to like his new housing complex; he has to say it out loud or undergo mandatory sensitivity training!

508

So as not to leave myself open to charges of racism against Cassius Clay, when people asked me how I felt about his igniting the flame in Atlanta, I replied with unmistakable sweetness that it's bloody lucky he didn't set the town afire. Given his palsied condition, wasn't it really arrant irresponsibility to let Mohammad Ali, as he is now called, handle anything flammable?

191

Atlanta's black merchants are ticked off because the myriad tourists did not flock into their stores. Suspicions are strong that "someone" told those folk to stay away from the duskier districts, that they were not safe. Man oh man! That amounts to **RACISM!**

911

I am wondering how long it will be before Instauration appears on the World Wide Web with its own Web Page?

Australian subscriber

I am haunted by the dark fear that in 3,000 years present-day America will have become another India. Long ago waves of restless Aryans intermittently exploded from their northern homelands to conquer faraway lands and peoples. But alien ways and ideas enchanted Nordic minds and dark meat misled Nordic bodies. The drive to wander, explore, discov-

er, conquer and settle has always been a key part of us. But wouldn't we be better off had our people never departed Northern Europe? We'd have a white homeland populated by a billion Caucasians. Jammed together, we'd be much more secure as a race.

440

If Dole takes what the liberals call "extreme" stands on the major issues, he could possibly win the election. The American people know the country is foundering and strong measures are needed. If Dole loses, as now seems almost certain, well, at least extremist Republicans will have established a strong base that could lead to a G.O.P. landslide in 2000. It's a win-win situation.

323

A recent Globe item headed, "Xenophobia Strong in France," mentioned a 1994 survey "according to which 52% of French people accept that they have racist attitudes." What's wrong with that? Shouldn't all peoples everywhere wish to preserve their own race? Isn't self-preservation expanded to embrace one's own kind the most natural thing in the world? Hasn't Nature implanted in every creature something of the same impulse? When an English country squire 150 years ago said, "A man should have as much care for his race as he does for the breeding of his horses," wasn't he being commonsensical?

Canadian Subscriber

Tired of denouncing Hitler, Jews now let it be known that all Germans were Hitlerites.

111

The faux conservative Weekly Standard had a long article on "Pedophilia Chic," to the effect that our rulers are starting to reassess this practice, as they did homosexuality a generation or so ago. Now that queers are feeling their oats, kiddie sex is the next barrier they plan to topple.

411

If I can do it, other Instaurationists can. Instead of complaining about my once beloved U.S. going to the dogs, I just pulled up stakes and moved into an ethnostate—Finland. It's very expensive, but very quiet. To me, Finns appear to be pure Nordics dazzled by all kinds of innovations. There were no reported rapes before black U.S. basketball trainers and Somalian escapees arrived. Literacy is almost 100%. Everything works! Everything is on time!

Expatriate

It is virtually certain that within a generation or two the already visible disintegration of the U.S. will degenerate into civil war, even if it is called something else. What then? The concentration of Mexicans in the Southwest will probably suffice to form a state, just as Florida will be Nueva Cuba. But how about other minorities such as blacks, Jews and the many varieties of Orientals, who have less in

common than outsiders suppose? They are too dispersed geographically to form viable states. Let's hope something is left for us!

947

Had Marge Schott called a press conference to say that she'd caught HIV from Magic, she'd be the toast of the media. Leno and Letterman would arm-wrestle to see who got her first.

300

Chosen filmmakers are unpopular in Japan because of the way they took Sony and other Jap companies to the cleaners.

235

Have you noticed how ugly many current actors and actresses are? Perhaps the idea is to condition us to accept the developing ugly mongrel population.

652

Marge Schott has unwittingly confirmed the true cause of anti-Semitism. She was publicly silenced and humiliated by a lobby which believes that Jewish sensibilities take precedence over First Amendment rights.

472

Compared to modern America's ruling Lyin' Kings, King George III, crazy or not, sounds like one of Plato's philosopher kings.

420

It is very popular to blame men for society's problems, but it is undeniable that all the social ills from which contemporary society is suffering came after male control over women was removed. No one dares make the obvious connection. Most of the men who make up our prison population were raised—by whom? Their mothers! Whenever social structures fail, women are to be found ruling the roost.

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Look at any slum. The father is nowhere to be found. The "family" consists of the mother and her illegitimate children.

276

□ There's a new magazine, *Vibe*, whose subject matter is the noise called popular music. Almost every other page depicts a glowering black buck. Since most Negroes don't buy or read magazines, it's hard to imagine there are enough whites for such garbage.

950

□ The "artist" formerly known as Prince is surely one of the most disgusting of his kind. Trapped by morbid fascination, I watched the last half-hour of a black-and-white film he made in 1986. Every other scene was Prince or another black slobbering over a bevy of white beauties frantically trying to touch Negro epidermis. Our women are becoming the prey of blacks. Our children are being indoctrinated by queers. We are not far from hitting bottom.

302

□ What is unprecedented about our dispossession is that it is being accomplished by a myriad of peoples who hate each other as much as or more than they hate us. Orientals gradually taking over parts of the West Coast have no common cause with Salvadorans in Virginia. To be sure, a tiny Chosen elite will try to rule the bubbling stew, but it will be difficult even for those master schemers to reconcile the many warring groups that are not cowed by the Holocaust legend, as we are.

455

□ Most people are totally indifferent to truth or falsehood. They are only interested in what works. Truth gets you nowhere. Truth is, at best, an afterthought and a corrective. Lying always comes first. The history of the world is largely the replacing of old lies with new lies. Since lying cannot be eliminated, the question of who will do the lying becomes of paramount importance. Lies can never be sorted out; there are far too many of them. Even if a lie is exposed, it is soon forgotten in a web of new lies. We should all be grateful for the world's liars, for without them the truth would never emerge.

675

□ As the June Saudi Arabia bombing showed, the U.S. is a combatant in the never-ending war to force a Jewish state on the Muslim Middle East, a goal totally detrimental to the U.S. national interest.

060

□ Jesse Jackson constantly prattles about the rainbow. In case you don't know it, Jesse, there's no black in a rainbow.

110

□ On I-45 just south of Huntsville (TX) there is a 77-foot statue of Sam Houston. The visitor's center provides all the details on this artistic/engineering achievement. The real marvel, however, is that in this day and age (the

statue was finished in 1994) anyone would build a memorial of this magnitude to a white man. History notes that Houston was a friend of the Cherokee and opposed Texas seceding from the Union and joining the Confederacy. Had he not been on the "right" side of these issues, surely someone would have raised hell and big Sam would likely have been consigned to runt status.

752

□ Our white ideological ancestors thousands of years ago in Ancient Egypt and India had an advantage over us. When they were at the same stage of mongrelization as American whites are now, they didn't have to watch the tragic process on TV.

245

□ The fawning, slavering reaction of Congress to almost every line of Netanyahu's address should sicken all non-Zionist Americans. Buchanan spoke of the "Israel Amen Corner" in Congress. It has now become a full-fledged, all-hands "Israel Hallelujah Chorus!"

987

□ There is no way to win with Christians. They can own slaves one century and preach civil rights the next. They are the most vindictive, hypocritical people on earth, while extending the Mercy of the Lord to any who indulge in their superstitious nonsense. They display many admirable traits as individuals, but cannot overcome the fatal flaw of their absurd theology.

501

□ When Leon Klinghoffer's PLO murderer escaped, the U.S. government offered a \$2 million reward. When 19 Gentile Americans were killed in Saudi Arabia, same reward. One Jew equals 19 Gentiles.

100

□ Here's a word I coined: Holocaustodian (n), one who tries to enshrine the lies about the Six Million.

110

□ Somehow I wasn't surprised to learn that the only book President and Mrs. Clinton bothered to glance at concerning the Bosnian conflict was *Balkan Ghosts* by one Robert D. Kaplan. Ignoring over a century of Anglo-American scholarship on the region, as well as more recent works in English by natives of former Yugoslavia, the Clintons naturally chose a 2.5 percenters' cursory, error-ridden and Judeo-centric treatment. The back cover boasts a rave review by none other than networker Abe Foxman.

075

□ Recently I tuned into Chuck Colson, the former Nixon aide who found Jesus in the Big House while serving time for Watergate "crimes." This born-again bozo and kosher konservative was knocking Louis Farrakhan over some of his comments about Jews in the slave trade. Unfortunately Christer Chuck didn't stop there. His main invective against

Farrakhan and the Nation of Islam is that they—you guessed it!—believe in a Jewish conspiracy! Bible-beating con men like Colson, Cal Thomas and that effeminate little twerp, Ralph Reed of the Christian Coalition, should be considered mortal enemies of our race. This writer, raised an Episcopalian, started to smell a rat in Christianity back in the 1960s. I was only a kid, but all that drivel about "world peace," "civil rights" and similar rot was actually the beginning of my (albeit slowly) racial awakening.

074

□ Last May our Parliament approved a bill giving special protection to homosexuals. What's next? Special protection for necrophiliacs?

Canadian subscriber

□ In my trip to the Olympics the first four service personnel I ran into were an airport baggage handler, a taxi driver, a hotel reception clerk and a hotel porter. All were blacks or browns whose English was of the no-speaka-da type.

306

□ My fiancé and I believe that AIDS started in Africa because Negro males in Africa have traditionally had sex with primates such as chimps.

554

□ "Even if you are right you can't do anything about it," was the common reaction from family and friends to my pro-white, anti-Semitic comments, especially in my early days of race-consciousness. This response irritated me no end. I believed I could do something about it (though in 17 years I've done a helluva lot less about it than I originally thought I'd be able to). Anyway, I've been true to my nature. I suffer a lot of mental anguish because of my beliefs and I'm not alone. Ignorance is bliss and awareness is at times hellish as hell. But I can't imagine myself not believing as I do.

800

□ A friend who works in a suburban office complex told me about the time he went to his car in the office parking lot late one evening. Espying a group of Latino teenagers loitering on the third-story roof, he (foolishly it turns out) called to them to come down. Instead they sent down anything and everything they could throw, from iron pipes, scraps of lumber and bolts to steel sheathing. Damage to my friend's car came to almost \$3,000.

020

□ Message seen on the T-shirt of a fat, middle-aged black woman: "Moody bitch seeks stud for long-term love/hate relationship. No experience necessary."

332

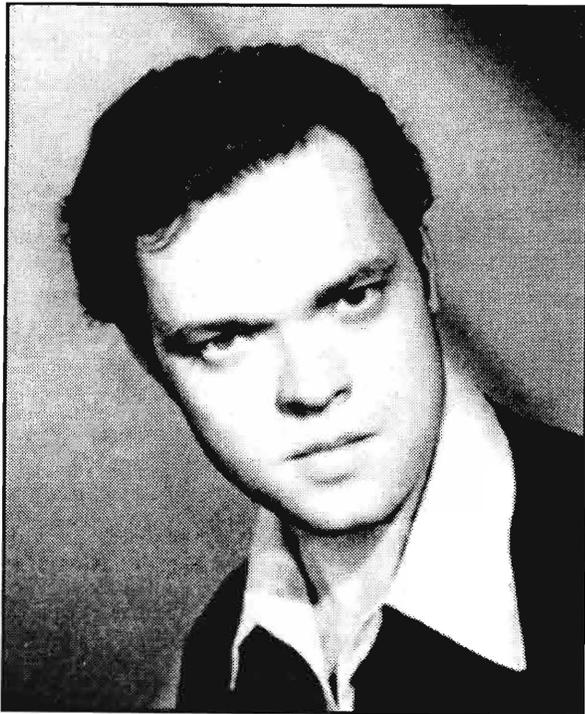
□ If any race except ours would have gotten absolute power on this planet, it would have destroyed all other races in one act of violence or at least enslaved the other races. The record of race relations in places like Sudan speaks for itself.

702

# The Ups and Downs of Orson Welles

**H**ad Orson Welles had the decency to pass away after directing *Citizen Kane* in 1941, he would have gone down in cinema history as the archetype of the brilliant youth cut down at the height of his creativity. In the words of film critic Richard Corliss, *Citizen Kane*, initially publicized as an exposé of William Randolph Hearst, was “the most admired, the most discussed work in cinema history—the *Hamlet* of film.” As Francois Truffaut pointed out, “It owes its uniqueness to the fact that it is the only first film made by a man who was already famous in other domains.”

After *Kane*, Welles directed a number of noteworthy films, but he never achieved the heights he had scaled in his first directorial effort. He died at the age of 70 in 1985, leaving behind a shambles of a legacy. Dead or alive, Welles was dogged by the question, “What went wrong?” Prevalent theories include: (1) he was too much the artiste



The young prodigy

for so crass and commercial an environment as Hollywood; (2) he was unable to adhere to budgets and schedules (a trait the Chosen won't tolerate even among their own, as Erich von Stroheim discovered); (3) he suffered from dissipation and lack of discipline; (4) he was too much of a perfectionist and was unable to successfully complete a project he had started. There may be truth in

all of these theories, but let us explore others—with an Instaurationist spin.

Born to a businessman/engineer/inventor father and a concert pianist mother in Kenosha (WI) in 1915, Welles inherited his taste for high living from the former and his rhetorical/artistic talents from the latter. “The word genius,” he wrote later, “was whispered into my ear the first thing I ever heard while I was still mewling in my crib, so it never occurred to me that I wasn't [one] until middle age!”

Welles's Majority pedigree included distinguished forebears stretching back to America's beginnings: Mayflower passenger John Alden; two-time Delaware Senator William Hill Wells; Wisconsin State Senator Orson Sherman Head; Secretary of the Illinois Board of Trade John G. Ives. There is speculation that Gideon Welles, Lincoln's Secretary of the Navy, was another ancestor.

Home-schooled during his elementary years, he later went to a prep school, but never attended college. Welles first appeared on stage at the age of three when he played Madame Butterfly's love child at the Opera House in Ravinia (IL). Racially speaking, this was an omen of things to come. Welles, once married to Rita Hayworth (Margarita Carmen Cansino), had affairs with Lena Horne and Dolores Del Rio. While in Brazil filming *It's All True* (later aborted by the studio), he dallied with the dusky damsels of Rio on a regular basis.

In 1936, Welles, at age 20, worked with the Negro Theater Project of the WPA to produce an all-black version of *Macbeth*, which was set in Haiti with voodoo witch doctors subbing for the witches. It was an enormous success, though today it would probably be accused of promoting unflattering stereotypes. Welles subsequently staged *Native Son*, Richard Wright's “woe is me” tale of a Negro coming of age in the white man's world. While in Europe, he gave audiences a taste of what is now called nontraditional casting when he chose Eartha Kitt to play Helen of Troy in a Paris production of *Faustus*. It should come as no surprise that Welles directed stage and screen versions of *Othello*.

Like many a latter-day showbiz celeb, Welles fancied himself the conscience of the world, or at least of the nation. He pretty well trod the party line of the liberal, anti-Fascist, pro-Roosevelt and “progressive” issues of his day. As a columnist, Welles always came down on the side of integration, one-world government, progressivism and liberalism, though there is no evidence that he was ever a member of the Communist Party.

One example of Welles's political pomposity is “Race Hate Must Be Outlawed,” an article he penned for the *Free World* magazine (July 1944):

Race hate isn't human nature; race hate is the abandonment of human nature. . .the Indian is on our conscience, the Negro is on our conscience, the Chinese and the Mexican American are on our conscience. The Jew is on the conscience of Europe, but our neglect gives us communion in that guilt, so that even here [we have] the lunatic spectre of anti-Semitism. This is [to be] deplored; it must be fought, and the fight must be won.

All of which sounds like so much hot air, no matter what one's politics. During Welles's coming-of-age in the theater, he inevitably came under the influence of homosexual aesthetes and leftist Jews. Anyone who achieves success in the arts in America could hardly eschew the company of these two factions. As for the Jews, Welles



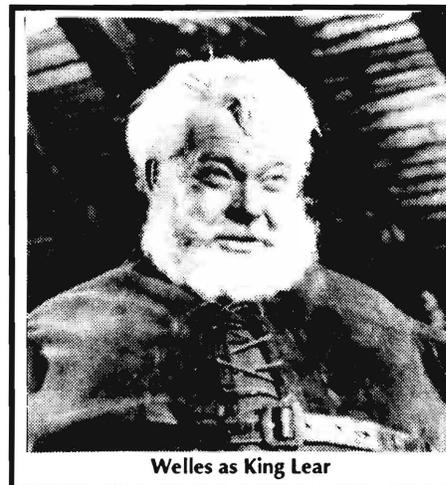
Welles on CBS radio

may have perceived early in his career that stroking them in public and in private could only advance his cause.

One Jew in particular stands out, however. After the death of his parents, Welles became the ward of a shady physician named Maurice Bernstein, who was enamored of Welles's mother (among other Majority females) and encouraged the precocious Welles in his theatrical endeavors. No stranger to questionable moral and financial practices, Bernstein kept much of the money Welles's father had left his son in his will. Following the budding cineast to Hollywood, he practiced medicine in the movie colony and dispensed hard drugs to both Welles and Errol Flynn. Bernstein, of course, was the name of Charles Foster

(Citizen) Kane's sidekick, the man who had been with him "before the beginning." (Ironically, the part was played by Everett Sloane, who played Sammy Goldberg on radio's *The Goldbergs*.) Other long-term relationships involved his business manager/lawyer, Arnold Weissberger, and his artistic partner, John Houseman, the demi-Jew who later became a familiar face as the curmudgeonly professor in the film and TV series of *The Paper Chase*. Both Welles and Houseman ended their careers as pitchmen in TV commercials, Welles hawking Paul Masson wine, Houseman shilling for the investment firm of Smith Barney.

Who could have foreseen such a pedestrian end to a career that held such promise? At the acme of his career,



Welles as King Lear

Welles was one of those larger-than-life, overgrown child figures—a colossus with an insatiable appetite—who seem peculiarly American (Babe Ruth and Thomas Wolfe spring to mind). Even in young manhood, they look like overgrown, ungainly children, impul-

sive and uncontrollable, protean and prodigious. They flame brightly before burning out when their youth is spent. Welles, however, never totally burned out. Indeed, from middle age on, his appearance approximated that of a hot air balloon. By 1966, his Falstaffian appearance was put to good use in *Chimes at Midnight*, a composite version of the Falstaff story from *Henry IV*, Parts I and II and *Henry V*, originally crafted when he was a prep school student. Towards the end of his life, Welles was so obese he got stuck so badly in a small car he owned that it had to be dismantled to set him free.

Fat with cash he wasn't—at least by Hollywood standards. One wonders why the middle-aged Welles had so much trouble financing his projects. Was it because he had in some manner offended the Chosen?

There are two main types in Welles' films: the innocent who has his eyes opened to the guilty world around him; and the egomaniac who wants to dominate that world. As actor, Welles plays the second type, so that his performances of Kane, Macbeth (in his 1948 film version), and the police chief in *Touch of Evil* reveal tyrants corrupted absolutely by power. But Welles the director identifies with the innocents. [*Directors; the All-Time Greats* by Neil Sinyard]

Could it be that Welles, the baby-faced innocent, gained insight as he gained weight, realizing that the greater danger to the world was from the tyranny of the Chosen—not from tyrannical industrialists, royalty or police chiefs?

At home in the realm of Hollywood, Broadway and CBS radio, could an old circus *aficionado* like Welles have failed to notice who were the real ringmasters? Certainly, after his *War of the Worlds* radio broadcast in 1938, they noticed him.

When Welles first went to Hollywood in 1939, the job categories were rigidly stratified. Today we think nothing of a writer-producer-director credit in a movie. In the late 30s and early 40s, the independent artist was not only a threat to the hegemony of the Jewish overlords but the object of spite from Hollywood's rank and file.<sup>1</sup> One can easily imagine how Welles's oft-quoted description of a movie studio as "the greatest electric train set a boy ever had" went over with middle-aged grips, carpenters, electricians and clapper "boys." When Louella Parsons described him as "Awesome Orson, the self-styled genius," she was the mouthpiece for a lot of Hollywood's little people, not just for her boss, William Randolph Hearst.

While Welles's contemporaries were searching for truth, he was pulling the wool over the audience's eyes, the *War of the Worlds* broadcast being his best-known scam. "Every true artist must, in his own way, be a magician, a charlatan," he noted. In *F for Fake* (1973), about art forgery, narrator/director Welles solemnly announced that everything the viewer was about to see for the next hour was absolutely true. Almost 85 minutes later he reminds the audience of what he said at the outset, then admits, "I've been lying my head off" for the rest of the film. As one of his biographers suggests:



Welles as Macbeth

He was amused by the idea of breaking down the frame, of deliberately blurring the reassuring distinctions between fiction and fact that serve as signposts, orienting us whenever we are exposed to made-up stories, whether in novels, the theater, radio, or the movies. [*Orson Welles, a Biography* by Barbara Leaming, p. 161]

To what degree he was accomplishing this in his politics and in his personal life is open to debate. In a 1943 interview he admitted, "I discovered at the age of six that almost everything in this world was phony. . . ." For that reason Welles should have been the ideal employee to toil in the Hollywood firm of Hooey, Hogwash, Humbug, Hokum and Bunkum.

In any artistic endeavor where audience suspension of disbelief is essential, a touch of the magician/mountebank can't hurt. In this respect, Welles's assessment of his career bears some resemblance to that of Marlon Brando. Both were precocious young men from provincial Mid-

western backgrounds who made their mark in the New York theater, where they displayed an unnatural interest in the welfare of minorities. After early success/notoriety in Hollywood, their careers went steadily downhill, though they continued to work throughout their decline while their physiques continued to inflate and critics tut-tutted about their squandered talents.<sup>2</sup> As Welles, Brando admitted:

I think I'd have made a good con man; I'm good at telling lies smoothly, giving an impression of things as they are and making people think I'm sincere. A good con man can fool anybody but the first person he fools is himself. [*Brando: Songs My Mother Taught Me* by Marlon Brando and Robert Lindsey, p. 243]

True enough, no one is more gullible than a con man. But over time, even a con man can't totally seal himself off from the truth. Brando, despite his fulsome praise of Jews and boosterism in favor of newborn Israel in the late 40s, eventually recognized the havoc wrought by Zionism. He admitted as much in the aforementioned book. Jews, needless to say, were lying in wait for him when he made a slip-up on *Larry King Live*. Could it be that something of this sort happened to Welles? Did he at some point realize that his people, the vaunted WASPs, were no longer vaunted?

There is a touch of sadness in a 1965 *Cahiers du Cinéma* interview when Welles remarks:

The ideal American type is perfectly expressed by the Protestant, individualist, anti-conformist, and this is the type that is in the process of disappearing. In reality, a very few of him remain.

No hot air in this quotation—and in no way did it rack up points among the Chosen. Yet it was spoken from Europe, where, like many an American artist, Welles had taken up residence. Ironically, Hollywood was where he died. He suffered a massive heart attack over his typewriter while he was working late on a script. No one was present, as in *Citizen Kane*, to record his last word. No snooping reporters fanned out to dig up clues to what it all meant.

There was no "Rosebud" for Orson Welles. But was there a Rosenberg? A Rosenstein? A Rosenbaum?<sup>3</sup>

JUDSON HAMMOND

#### FOOTNOTES

1. Like Welles, Preston Sturges grew up in an affluent, semi-Bohemian, globe-trotting environment and attained the same exalted writer-producer-director status in the early 1940s. Sturges, however, attained this status after years of toil as a salaried screenwriter, so resentment among the rank and file was negligible. Welles, despite his achievements in theater and radio, had not earned his spurs in Hollywood, so envy was widespread. One RKO advertising campaign after Welles had departed the studio promised, "Showmanship in Place of Genius."

2. When he first arrived in Hollywood, Welles announced his first production (later abandoned) would be Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, and that he would play Kurtz, the jungle overlord. This production never got off the drawing board, but 40 years later, Brando played the Kurtz role in *Apocalypse Now*, the Vietnam rendition of the tale.

3. We may take some solace in the fact that Steven Spielberg, who paid \$55,000 for the *Citizen Kane* Rosebud sled at an auction, most likely bought a fake, according to Welles.

## Deep Politics

This year's presidential election will determine—barring assassination, resignation or impeachment—which candidate will occupy the White House in the year 2000. That, it is safe to say, is the only millennial consequence the voting is likely to have for the white majority, which is the true American nation.

It is likely that few readers of this column repose great hopes in either of the possible winners. For those who continue to be especially exercised by the flagitious conduct of Bill and Hill or by inside-the-Beltway Bob's brushing aside of his party's Buchanan wing, it is worth remembering that neither candidate, if elected, will consciously do anything to stay the dwindling white American majority's dispossession, unless such a move entailed no political risk. Their public records, and what can be divined of their private arrangements with Jews and other minorities indifferent or hostile to the fate of the American nation, make that patent. So much for the "character issue," so earnestly mulled over by so many millions of our fellow American whites.

It is the melancholy truth that neither Clinton nor Dole embodies any striking novelty among American presidential candidates. Dole? He's a typical Prairie Republican, heir to the pre-Civil War Free Soilers and the succeeding Alf Landons, Dwight Eisenhowers and Gerald Fords, constitutionally without stomach for the close combat on racial issues for which Pat Buchanan does have the fire (a chief reason the Republicans have relegated him to the Party's fever swamps). Dole's best hour came in the 1976 vice presidential campaign debate with Walter Mondale, when he characterized the WWI, WWII, Korea and Vietnam conflicts as "Democrat wars." Following the Establishment outrage that remark produced, Dole proceeded to, as the media approvingly put it whenever a politician betrays his white constituency, "grow in office," which is another way of saying he shriveled to the inarticulate, doleful legislative deal-maker he's become.

Clinton? Despite the lamentations of such nouveaux "conservatives" as Rush Limbaugh, Clinton is almost amusing in his various peccadilloes, which have impeded his ability to cause more than the usual quota of incremental harm to white America. It is evident that Clinton is some species of mild psychopath, noteworthy even by the standards of contemporary American politics. Master salesman, confidence man and lip-biting Lothario, he brings to mind a Reconstruction-era scalawag. Up to his typical Mountebankery, he has carried off an artful balancing act, appeasing his Party's so-called Reagan Democrats, while appealing to the racial and sexual minorities through such political payoffs and trade-offs as the ap-

pointment of a cabinet worthy of Dr. Caligari. Do Clinton's sexual escapades rival those of Jack Kennedy? Do his financial peculations (and those of his wife) compare with those of Lyndon and Ladybird Johnson? Does his administration's record of harm to the interests of the white American nation match those of Johnson or Franklin D. Roosevelt? In a word, no.

The above cheerful assessment of the realities of the presidential race and the significance of its outcome for the real America—the racial nation that elected George Washington, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson its first three presidents—having been duly recited, it may be worth taking a similarly cold-eyed look at the mechanics of the presidential election itself.

Despite all the chatter about democracy and its importance to Americans, the presidential election is the least democratic of all U.S. elections and the one in which the individual ballot has the least rationally calculable worth (and thus influence) of that cast in any voting booth. This is due to the Electoral College, a compromise the framers of the Constitution reached to reconcile the interests of the large states and the small states while guarding against a possible tyranny of the majority.

Alas, for all their wise foresight, the men who founded the old Republic neglected to envision a tyranny of the minorities. Today, like it or not, it is America's populist Great Unwashed—the sort of folk who almost elected David Duke senator—that is most receptive to the quaint notion that the race of Shakespeare and Verdi, Bismarck and Socrates should survive.

The voter not only casts his ballot directly for president; his vote shrinks or expands, fun-house-mirror style, by its relative importance to those cast in other states and its weight withers amid the (according to the state) hundreds of thousands to more than ten million other votes cast in this most popular of all polls.

Nothing above is meant to disparage the power manifest in voting en bloc. Doing so is why the New York State Democratic presidential primary resembles a hard-fought election in Haifa; why such "single-issue" groups as the National Rifle Association were able to defeat seemingly entrenched incumbents who had strayed from defending Second Amendment rights. If today there is such a block of white Americans capable of influencing the behavior on significant racial issues of Dole and Clinton, it has been keeping itself well concealed. Although sophisticated political operatives working for such candidates as Reagan and Bush were able to make skillful appeal to white Americans' fears of blacks, neither president had any cause to fear the backlash of aroused white voters when, as Stacey

Koons and his fellow police officers discovered, the federal government's antiwhite racial policy continued unchanged.

In November millions of white Americans will surge forth to the polls, bursting with old-style "patriotism," fueled by the usual media hype about the duty to vote, meaning to vote for anybody except a "racist." We don't need to be reminded that newspapers regularly run the names and addresses of contributors to candidates like Duke with the clear intent to intimidate, which is why the otherwise civically demeaning practice of the secret ballot should be retained, at least until the American body politic is hale once more.

Voter ignorance is abetted by the widespread tendency to represent the presidential election as a direct plebiscite, with endless bandying about of the results of nationwide

polls. Individual votes, cast with such solemnity and seriousness of purpose, will disappear in a great swirling tornado of ballots from which one of only two political genies will appear, Bill Clinton or Bob Dole. Whichever genie it is, to each earnest, clandestine voter, he will grant no wishes. To the white American nation, by his own calculations and those of his advisers, he will owe nothing.

For the white American nation, who is elected president this year doesn't really matter. Your vote simply won't count. If you want to let off steam, cast a write-in vote for Buchanan, David Duke or even Julius Caesar, who has about as much chance of winning as the first two. Otherwise, save your energy and resources for political activity that truly serves white America. More on that next month.

MORIARTY

## The Psychics Are Coming

The Dept. of Justice has put a record number of federal agents on the church arson cases, exceeding the number assigned to the 60s civil rights and Unabomber investigations. According to most reports, their focus is largely on the 30-plus black churches, not the "other" houses of worship that have gone up in flames. Congress has proposed a \$200 million set-aside for investigating black church fires and has already passed a bill creating the crime of "federal Negro church arson." It is the first time in recent memory that religion, in this case Negro religion, has been advanced and promoted by the U.S. government.

Aside from their propensity for burning churches, what is the great attraction to Negro religionists? Any white man or woman who has visited a Negro church has witnessed what can only be described as religious fraud, hypocrisy and exhibitionism. Numerous Negro churches have jettisoned all pretense of Christianity and reverted to African modes and styles of devotion and worship. Voodoo practitioners can now see and call their favorite Negro or multicultural psychic, thanks to a vast network of TV infomercials, radio talk shows, Internet services and special 800 and 900 telephone numbers. It's a \$1.6 billion industry and growing.

Two of the largest psychic promoters are the Psychic Friends Network and the Psychic Readers Network. Black chanteuse Dionne Warwick is the chief spokesman for the former group. She recently came under investigation for defrauding her own

AIDS foundation of hundreds of thousands of dollars. Direct marketing analyst Jack Schember, publisher of Response TV, says Psychic Friends "is not just the most successful psychic infomercial, but

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Tele Inc. P.O. Box 79156 SAFTX 78279 1-210-871-2282

### Typical psychic ad

literally, the most successful infomercial of all time." *60 Minutes* calls the pitch the "Godzilla of infomercials."

Negro actor Billy Dee Williams is a spokesman for the Psychic Readers. Other Negroes connected to the psychic business are Philip Michael Thomas, of *Miami Vice* fame, Gary Coleman of *Diff'rent Strokes*, and Ted Lange of *The Love Boat*.

The mastermind behind the Psychic Friends Network is CEO Michael Lansky, whose company handles everything from New Age magazines to Negro psychics. Lansky's creative director Carter Clews declaims, "When a psychic comes to the Psychic Friends Network we feel abso-

lutely certain that this person has both psychic gifts and psychic experience." So far Lansky and Clews have recruited and trained more than 2,000 psychics. Clews boasts, "I think it was just the right product at the right time."

The Washington Times is not enthused about Negro psychics targeting women:

Those in the know say Psychic Friends mania. . . can be summed up in one word—women. They're the target, and they have been located. In addition to the infomercials. . . open a copy of *Cosmopolitan*, *Glamour* or *Allure* and see all those ads beckoning readers to call all those numbers to get the latest scoop.

Last May, Lansky launched *Psychic Friends Radio Live*. In the same month, *Psychic Friends* on the Internet was started, complete with its own chat rooms. The radio program airs on hundreds of stations, coast to coast. The Times reports that the "target audience for the radio program are upwardly mobile women in their 20s." Whether or not it is intended, the result is the denigration of white Christian families.

Psychics claim to offer "personal guiding angels" that can be ordered by telephone. The Bible says these are not angels at all, but false prophets of darkness, who appear as light. Their popularity is one more proof that this country is sliding quickly into Third World religious practices.

JAY LOCK

# Don't "Diss" Discrimination

Now that Affirmative Action is on the front burner in the public mind, it is interesting to note that everyone—supposedly—agrees that discrimination is bad. This is the reason Affirmative Action, ostensibly a means of remedying past discrimination, is under attack: it's *another* form of discrimination, which is categorically bad. Right?

Wrong, and here's why.

If you have a work history of any duration, you've probably seen many questionable decisions regarding who gets hired and who gets promoted. Usually the decisions involve networking, self-promotion, office politics, nepotism, old school ties and other *perfectly natural* forms of discrimination that mitigate against "fairness." We know it would be impossible to go against the grain and legislate against these things—which occur in both homogeneous and heterogeneous settings—yet when it comes to racial discrimination—which is just as natural—we have allowed the government to intercede and enforce "fairness."

The quest for fairness starts early in life. Children are especially sensitive to the concept. At times it seems the phrase, "That's not fair," is genetically imprinted in every newborn, awaiting only a few years of growth to give utterance to the thought. Sure enough, there is truth to the liberal assertion that children are not born racists, they must be taught—or more often—figure it out for themselves. Interestingly, small children don't discriminate very well. Any household pet—dog or cat—is a doggie. Any large grazing animal—cow or horse—is a moo cow. Over time, of course, children's observation and judgment improve. As they learn that life is not fair, they learn to discriminate. They soon comprehend that the "level playing field" so beloved by social engineers is merely an abstraction. The resourceful and the resilient, the real "players" in life, know this and don't waste time fretting about it. They do the best they can with what they've got. It's not always the guy holding the best hand who wins. Luck, providence or whatever you call it does play an important part. As a former boss of mine explained, if you boil managerial decisions down to yes or no responses, some guys will look like geniuses just by flipping a coin.

The underachievers have the habit of comparing their lot to that of others. If they don't like what they see, why it must be the result of unfairness!<sup>1</sup> Since compare and contrast is the oldest theme topic in the history of English composition, it's hard to avoid the practice. When it comes to *Homo sapiens*, observers who dwell on similarities will find plenty of justification. Those who dwell on human differences will also discover plenty of ammunition.

When making comparisons, however, we would do well to walk softly. "Don't be judgmental!" is an all-too-popular litany in the most litigious society the world has ever known.<sup>2</sup> "Comparison is the root of inferiority," notes Israeli psychologist Haim Ginott. Trust a Jew to think that way, for Jewish consciousness has pushed and promoted egalitarianism ever since Marx got a leg up on modern thought. The Communist founding father's prose fairly oozes with leveling rhetoric:

The more modern industry becomes developed, the more is the labor of men superseded by that of women. Differences of age and sex have no longer any distinctive social validity of the working class. All are instruments of labor, more or less expensive to use, according to their age and sex.

\*\*\*

Modern industrial labor, modern subjugation to capital, the same in England as in France, in America as in Germany, has stripped him of every race of national character.

\*\*\*

The working men have no country. . . . National differences and antagonisms between peoples, are daily more and more vanishing.

Karl Marx, *The Communist Manifesto*

Today these words sound more like those of an international capitalist than those of a Communist. Yet even in a relatively small operation like my office, employees find themselves referred to as work units in company communique. By focusing solely on economic function, Marx, big business and my employer have donned blinders. Sure, you can train a dog, a bear or a horse to stand on its hind legs—but that doesn't mean dogs, bears and horses are equal. The canine, ursine and equine "essences" are still readily distinguishable.

As obvious as this should be to us, we can't help but notice how the one-size-fits-all single-mindedness (frequently bordering on obsession) of Judaism influences our world:

In proclaiming the oneness of God, therefore, the prophets intended more than a repudiation of idol worship. They were bent on establishing the principles that reality is an order, not an anarchy; that mankind is a unity, not a hodgepodge; and that one universal law of righteousness holds sway over men, transcending borders, surmounting all class lines.

\*\*\*

On the evidences of the past and of the modern rabbinate, Judaism stands these days. . . . for international peace guaranteed by a world government, the notion of the absolute sovereignty of the national state having always been an obscenity in the eyes of the Tradition.

Milton Steinberg, *Basic Judaism*

All of which seems to point to a profound failure of Jewish perception, not a triumph of Jewish righteousness. St. Paul said, "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." (Galatians 3:28) Apparently, even after the scales fell from his Jewish eyes (which implies that conversion from Jew to Christian was, among other things, a drastic improvement in one's perceptual capabilities), he couldn't entirely leave his Judaic ideas behind!

Jewish perceptual failures would be of little consequence if Jews didn't wield such a disproportionate amount of influence. Order is the prime rule of the universe, but the Jew does not really *see* it, *feel* it, or *perceive* it. (Quick quiz. Name *one* Jewish naturalist.) Einstein may assert, "God does not play dice with the universe," but this could be interpreted in many ways, one of which would be that Yahweh is a despot. The concept of *natural* order, as opposed to a deistic dictatorship, is an important distinction. Darwin, the only Gentile admitted into the intellectual empyrean with Marx, Freud and Einstein, extracted his theory from a lifetime of observation. He didn't start with an abstract concept and then bend and twist reality to justify it. *Natural* reality is the only reality and it cares not whether the Jew (or anyone else) perceives it:

There is visible throughout all nature a bias in favor of order. We have no means to explain it, and perhaps never shall. But the bias is there. A prejudice governs the movement of stars within galaxies, galaxies in their relations with others.

Robert Ardrey, *The Social Contract*

Mother Nature is an unforgiving taskmistress. She discriminates and discriminates—behavior the egalitarian mind cannot comprehend. Just how far the egalitarian impulse can be stretched is evident by the far-out members of the animal rights crowd who assert that all species are equal. None is more exalted than any other. Yes, there are people out there who refuse to squash a cockroach. While this concept is pushed in schoolbooks (and often at your local zoo), it is not one borne out by observation. The taxonomy of living creatures is itself a testament to the human power to discriminate.

The Jew, not being a student of nature, doesn't understand the instinct imbued in living things to draw boundaries and mark territories—literal, moral, racial or natural/national. This instinct is so strong that we occasionally see zoo animals exhibiting it, even though they no longer have a practical need to mark territory. The Jew, described throughout history as a wanderer and a cosmopolite, is not known for observing boundaries but for violating them.<sup>3</sup> Draw a line in the sand and the Jew will not just step over it, he will turn around and try to obliterate it.

Sure, sometimes the lines we draw are arbitrary and subject to revision. Most taxonomists, I believe, would admit as much. But that doesn't mean the urge to draw them is arbitrary. As L.C. Dunn and Theodosius Dobzhansky note in *Heredity, Race and Society*:

One should not conclude, however, that because the dividing lines between races are frequently arbitrary, races are imaginary entities. By looking at a suburban landscape one can not always be sure where the city begins and the country ends, but it does not follow from this that the city exists only in imagination. Races exist regardless of whether we can easily define them or not.

An element of self-abasement in the egalitarian, anti-racist mind-set may explain the phenomenon of the self-hating Jew and the increasing prevalence of the self-hating Nordic. The Jew's disastrously low birthrate, aped by liberal whites, is a related consequence. It takes a tad of *hubris* and an iota of racial or species chauvinism for humans to think that the world can't get along without their contribution to the gene pool. The modern egalitarian looks at it this way: why go to the trouble to bring *one of your own kind* into this world when we're chockablock with so many other wonderful creatures? Consider the Haitian, the Bangladeshi and the Puerto Rican, not to mention the noble slug, the irrepressible cockroach, the mighty titmouse—all living things just as we are. So they must be our equal. Ethology has shown us that hierarchies are not just an arbitrary human invention. The biological record reveals food chains and hierarchies galore. As Robert Ardrey notes, "A society is a group of unequal beings organized to meet common needs." The fact that entities—whether biological, economic, national, chemical or mechanical—are interdependent does not mean they are equal. De Tocqueville reminds us, "Nowhere do citizens appear so insignificant as in a democratic nation." Small wonder that America is the land of the cult of self-improvement and upward mobility—anything to stand out from the crowd.

The more inclusive we have become, the more obsessed we are with inclusiveness. We can't compete in this global economy unless we include everyone. It's the *right* thing to do. Meanwhile, we're told, the social service industry is obsessed with erecting "safety nets" to catch the people who "fall through the cracks." It may be that, as more and more mothers enter the work force, generations bereft of that unconditional motherly love will demand same from the state. Today's slackers plead, "Please take care of me—and don't discriminate against me because I'm a homosexual/illegal alien/criminal/dope addict. Don't ask me to measure up to *your* repressive standards. Just open up your heart—and your wallet."

The mania for inclusion is also reflected in the procrustean rulings of the crusty jurists on the Supreme Court. Twisting, squeezing, cramming and jamming produce inevitable distortion. There is an absolute obsession on the part of too many Supreme Court justices—Jew and Gentile—to declare some phenomenon constitutional or unconstitutional when, in reality it is a-constitutional. Article X of the Constitution states, "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." The article just doesn't seem to register with

the Court. The Constitution, unlike the Talmud, was not designed to regulate every detail of our lives. But in our current state of hyped-up Jewish consciousness, it is difficult for the average American to grasp the concept that the Constitution wasn't designed to encompass every move we make. Rather, it was forged to give us some leeway. But even before the Jews came to power, the abolitionist mentality, strongly Old Testament in flavor, held sway in America. Prime issues were slavery in the last century, prohibition earlier this century and cigarettes, abortion and "hate speech" today. Like Judaism, abolitionism permits only one standard to prevail. Compromise and accommodation are unheard of. We might coin a phrase and call such a society a monococracy.

Absolutism is the religious/philosophical counterpart of big government—another modern manifestation of Jewish consciousness. Whether it's the President, the Supreme Court or Congress abusing its authority, the Jew never complains, so long as said breaches of authority are in keeping with his political views. The American associates totalitarianism with physical repression. The idea that *total* government without torture chambers or gulags could be just as evil never hits home.

As the name implies, totalitarianism leaves nothing to *chance*. Chance implies luck which implies winners and losers. Maybe even—horror of horrors—the formation of *classes!* Note that gambling, a universal human pursuit (or affliction, if you prefer), is anathema to Jewish consciousness. Now our Brooklyn readers might say, "Whaddaya talkin' about? I've known Moe and Sol for 30 years and if anybody likes to spend a day at the track or a night at the poker table, it's *those* guys!" Not so fast! The Jew likes to *profit* from placing wagers or making investments, so much so that he is famed for rigging the game, whether it's the stock market, the financial markets or the 1919 World Series. It isn't gambling if you've got inside information or deal from the bottom of the deck. You can argue with the Jew's ethics, but not his reasoning! After all, if he *didn't* rig the game, he might *lose!* And the Jew *hates* to lose. No easy come, easy go like the goyim, who accept the idea that risk-takers may reap disaster as easily as reward. It appears to be an irrevocable law of nature. Is there such a thing as a Jewish failure? That the Jew always seems to defy the odds makes one wonder if the odds apply in his case. Luck, like nature, is just too unpredictable for the Jew to put any trust in it. (Quick quiz #2. Ever see any Jewish meteorologists?)

As we reflect on Jewish consciousness at work in 20th-century power politics, we should also point out its rise in the 20th century art world, resulting in a slew of primitive and/or abstract art. In a dissertation on "Abstraction and Empathy," art historian Wilhelm Worringer asserted that abstraction arose from anxiety (a noteworthy Jewish trait, perhaps nurtured during millennia of existence as the world's preeminent minority group). The Jew, like the caveman, was attempting to create order and regularity in a world ruled by nature which, despite its orderliness, was

full of surprises. Hence there is little to choose between modern art and primitive art.

It's not difficult to see why Jewish consciousness and abstract art are a natural match. The Jew pushes the primitivism of Third Worlders (and their First World imitators) and calls it great art not because it is, but because he has a racial affinity for abstractions. The Jew's inability to discriminate stunts him aesthetically and does the rest of us no good.

Representational art excites the urge to merge with the objects depicted, which is perfectly natural. It explains why European Americans, the original rugged individualists, removed from their homelands and the warm, snug overcoats of their native cultures, are such joiners. It also explains the apotheosis of romantic love in popular culture. Turn on any of the low-IQ talk shows and gape at the mismatched interracial couples. The canaille in the audience—to a man, to a woman—will assert that if two people are in love, then nothing else matters, not the wishes of the Montagues or the Capulets, not the children of such a union, not racial destiny, not eugenics. Such pedestrian considerations simply cannot be allowed to sully the cosmic union of the salt-and-pepper couple. This may also explain why the divorce rate for all marriages—intracultural and interracial—is so high in America. Without a family, without a tribe, without an ethnic group, without a race—indeed without a nation—the young white person seeking to be a part of something turns to a relationship with the opposite sex. Having no other affiliation, he overloads this relationship, pours all of his desires and hopes into it and inevitably ends almost suffocating it. Disappointment is inevitable. He divorces, ending up more alienated than ever. He may then proceed to flounder around for years. He may get married a second or third time. He may discover a group of kindred spirits. Has anyone noticed how many of these men who belong to militias have woman trouble or family trouble?

We would all like to be a part of something bigger than ourselves. (Let's be honest here and admit that a large part of the appeal of Instauration is due to this yearning.) Will the urge for affiliation more likely be egalitarian or hierarchical? I suspect the latter.

When I was going to grade school in the late 50s, I recall a couple of boys who doodled cartoons featuring Hitler, swastikas, iron crosses and other Third Reich icons. Just why they were fascinated by these symbols their fathers had taken up arms against must remain a matter of speculation. Maybe I missed something, but I don't remember other boys doodling cartoons of Churchill, FDR or Ike. The armies of democracy held little appeal, since they let anyone in. That concept, of course, was near and dear to the hearts of the ideological chefs who kept stirring the concept of the Melting Pot. Remember those WWII movies with a squad of guys named Kowalski, Goldberg, O'Brien, Genovese, Olsen and maybe even Smith (sorry, no German names)? Today, I doubt that alienated young men sit around and idly draw United Nations logos and

dream of donning a blue helmet and carrying out the wishes of world government bureaucrats. Any cretin can be a world citizen! Meanwhile, skinheads are energized by Nazi symbols 50 years after the Nuremberg trials. Yes, good buddy, that master race concept is heady stuff. After all, not just anyone can join. What joy to be included in an exclusive group! What camaraderie they must share! Anyone who watches all that marching and singing in Leni Riefenstahl's *Triumph of the Will* and who doesn't feel a stirring in the blood might as well be in a concentration camp of the soul. Isn't this a clue why the word "party" has both a political and a celebratory meaning?

Expounding on exclusivity and discrimination makes it impossible not to talk about the family. The "rights" of children are largely championed by the same people (UN bureaucrats, friends of Hillary, global do-gooders) who want to expand the definition of family.<sup>4</sup> What these people would call the traditional family has a definite hierarchy. This may be why Communists, liberals and others of an egalitarian frame of mind have such an inveterate antipathy towards the family. Hierarchy, by its very nature, is discriminatory. Yet in a family, everyone has a place at the table—literally a birthright. It is at once inclusive and exclusive.

As we mentioned at the top of this essay, the child is a natural-born egalitarian because he has not yet learned to make distinctions. The child's—and the primitive's—sense of totality, of being at one with the universe, is not easily achieved in modern society, which may be one reason why drug use is rampant. Being at one with nature is a virtue we attribute to the American Indian, though I suspect his storied existence is really little more than the "nasty, brutish and short" one described by Thomas Hobbes. But even primitive man had to learn to discriminate. If he didn't learn which snakes are poisonous and which aren't, he would not live long enough to enjoy his vaunted cosmic consciousness.

There is a danger in sounding too reverent or too disdainful when employing a phrase like "cosmic consciousness." I've experienced this consciousness when communing with nature. My most memorable communion occurred several years ago when I was on a Caribbean cruise, which is certainly conducive to the relaxed state of mind that accompanies cosmic consciousness. My first experience snorkeling among the tropical fish in the coral seemed to trigger something. I swam with the fish every which way, breathing deeply in and out, literally going with the flow. It is readily apparent why the word "oceanic" frequently crops up in descriptions of this state of mind. (Landlocked midwesterners may occasionally achieve a similar feeling listening to the wind rustle the grain or tall prairie grasses in the middle of nowhere.) Afterwards, I felt supremely relaxed, both mentally and physically—without any help from alcohol. You could say I felt at one with the universe, though I was still able to make distinctions between races and species. I knew where I ended and the "other" began. Perhaps I was made

of the same stuff as the toothy Negro waiters on the ship or the sea creatures I swam amongst. But my "stuff" was put together differently. To assert equality among living things is as nonsensical as saying that all modern buildings are equal because they are all made of steel, concrete and glass.

During the long afterglow of my Caribbean interlude, I felt nothing but goodwill and a complete absence of hostility. But equality? It is one thing to glean from a biology textbook that all living things have a purpose. It is something more profound to actually feel the concept and know that I, as a living thing, also have a purpose. One might slyly note that a prime cause of the Negro's discontent is that he doesn't know his place.

By contrast, the Jew does not find himself given to such epiphanies. An inveterate urbanite, he is never at home in the wide open spaces. No wonder his remote ancestors wandered for 40 years in the desert. All that wilderness must have really disoriented them! In *Civilization and Its Discontents*, Freud admitted, "I cannot discover this 'oceanic' feeling in myself." He can only interpret such feelings not as a higher form of consciousness but as regression to an earlier state, that of the infant unable to distinguish itself from the surrounding world. It was left to Jung, the Gentile, the son of a Protestant country parson, to perceive the different archetypes (one is tempted to say gods) that dwell in the human psyche and to assert that each race/nation/culture has a different soul or collective unconscious. Naturally, Jung's ideas were more amenable to Third Reich theorists, exposing him to charges of (yawn) anti-Semitism that have persisted to this day. Ironically, Jung's theories now appear to be in vogue with some "warm, fuzzy" New Age types.

Jung, who was fascinated by mandalas or symbols of wholeness/unity/totality, points out that many of these circular patterns are also sun symbols. In *Man and His Symbols*, he asserts that some of the best examples can be found in the rose windows of cathedrals. It might be added that with the transmission of light comes the feeling of uplift—as in the Gothic cathedrals. When pre-Christian Europeans gathered at summer solstice, was the light they celebrated more important than the warmth? June 21 is the longest day of the year, but not usually the warmest.

In attempting to shed light on our situation, the hoped-for result is, as Joseph Conrad said in relation to the art of the novel, "above all to make you see." Sight without enlightenment is difficult in darkness. "They're all the same in the dark" goes the old male chauvinist apothegm. But who wants to spend his life in the darkness? "We don't see color," assert the Quakers. This is not so much an assertion of ignorance or perceptual failure as the recitation of dogma.<sup>5</sup> If the Negro came equipped with an occipital eyeball, a sixth finger and a third arm or leg, the dogma would still prevail.

The Jew, by setting the agenda in the media<sup>6</sup> and academia, keeps us in the dark and tends us as if we were mushrooms.<sup>7</sup> Equality, antiracism and non-discrimination

are all easier to practice in the dark because no one can see! To see is to discriminate—something that can be done with great difficulty, if at all, in the Heart of Darkness we call present-day America.

JUDSON HAMMOND

#### NOTES

1. Fairness, however, can be an elusive (and sometimes elastic) concept. The have-nots favor equality when they perceive it is in their favor, but demand special treatment when that is more likely to move them ahead. The same is true regarding devotees of democracy when the concepts of majority rules and minority rights conflict.

2. I preferred the old phrase, "Who are you to judge?" The inevitable reply was, "Who do I have to be?"

3. The definitive work on this topic remains *The Ordeal of Civility* by John Murray Cuddihy, Beacon Press.

4. Of course, a definition, is, by definition, discriminatory.

5. As E. Digby Baltzell points out in *The Protestant Establishment*, "in Philadelphia where Quakers tend to be among the city's elite, one often meets Friends of Jewish origins."

6. The Jews' affinity for motion pictures is a natural: we, the audience are literally in the dark, transfixed by a flickering light that appears to offer us a window on reality, but is ultimately an illusion. The Jewish pornographer shines a light on activities that are usually performed in the dark.

7. Let us remember that the mushroom cloud is one of the great symbols of Jewish power and that the A-bomb was the quintessential Jewish weapon because it didn't discriminate: It killed every living thing in the immediate area. I suspect the "smart" weapons in use today—in other words weapons that discriminate—were conceived and designed by Gentiles.

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## Mumbo Jumbo Run Amok

One of the more pleasant manifestations of the delightful, highly spiced ethnic stew we are brewing consists of the intriguing religious practices of some of our new fellow Americans. I am not talking about the growing Muslim community, which at least is bound in some way to the greater worldview held by most Majority Americans. After all, Judaism, Christianity and Islam are all religions of The Book, as the Muslims say, and a case can be made that the Muslims are simply highly evolved Arian Christians.

I refer, rather, to the various animist religions, if they can be called that, imported from darkest Africa by way of the Caribbean. Lower class Cubans, including many mulattoes, brought with them Santería. Haitians brought Voodoo. There are endless variations of these "religions," all with different names and ceremonies, some consisting of nothing more than harmless gibberish babbled by ignorant but crafty conmen eager to convince their equally ignorant customers that a little powdered hog testicle will do wonders for their arthritis. Teenage girls will paint themselves with powders and oils to win back their boyfriends. Deadbeats will stick pins in little dolls painted to look like their creditors. This sort of stuff is just primitive bunk, in itself no worse than throwing salt over your shoulder for good luck or throwing away money on lottery tickets.

Unfortunately this alien witchcraft has its ugly side. In the first place, those are

not always chicken bones in the pot. As a horrifying incident in Matamoros, Mexico, a few years back demonstrated, people who prance around camp fires calling on evil spirits sometimes manage to summon them up, even if they have to come from within their own besotted souls. In the Matamoros case, a Cuban-American narcotics trafficker ended up cooking and eating one of his "fellow Americans," a Texas college student. He also chowed down on about 20 Mexicans. Panic-stricken Mexican officials, no doubt concerned that the atavistic cultural traditions of their own country could furnish fertile soil for this daring example of Nouvelle Cuisine, started a head count and discovered to their horror that other narco bands had consumed up to 60 other members of the Cosmic Race. As far as we know, those other gourmands have never been caught. The head of the cult in Matamoros bit the dust in a gunfight with the *Federales*. It is common for the narcs to find pagan altars in the houses they raid.

Even if your local Santería devotees are not scarfing down the neighborhood kids, watch out for Rover. The sacrifice of live animals is an integral part of all of these cults. Dogs, goats, chickens, you name it. Public parks in Miami have been plagued for years with the rotting bodies of slaughtered animals.

But what of the deeper cultural effects of allowing this sort of barbaric poppycock to flourish? It is tough enough to

permit whole generations of people who practice this homestyle butchery to live among us. It is too much to let them teach their children that life's problems are solved by rubbing a potion on your right toe or cutting off a goat's head. Western man left animal sacrifice behind a long time ago and in so doing removed the dead hand that has kept so much of humanity chained to darkness, fear and superstition.

Critics will say that Christianity has its own quotient of superstition and bloody-minded primitive imagery. True enough, as anybody who has visited an old church south of the border can attest. But there is a difference, a big difference.

Leaving aside some of the theological quirks of Christianity, the religion appeals to the higher instincts of man. Good and bad, right and wrong are not reduced to a flip of the coin, a decision made by some horrid idol who will bestow his favor on the man who has offered up the choicest morsel of flesh that morning. We may or may not still believe in God, but we most certainly do not believe that zombies walk at night or that a pot of pig innards can decide a person's future.

The Supreme Court decided in 1993 that this baloney was entitled to recognition as a religion. The Noxious Nine, as is so often the case, were wrong. When the Majority regains control, we will crack down on this humbug, along with the humbuggers.

N.B. FORREST

So persecuted she couldn't compete in the 1936 Olympics

## Always the Jewish Angle



A recent front page article in the N.Y. Times gave us yet another chapter in the never-ending story of noble Jews and ignoble Germans. The protagonist was Gretel Bergmann, an erstwhile Olympic class high-jumper and current resident of Queens (NY). The 82-year-old former athlete, now known as Margaret Bergmann Lambert, still harbors a deep resentment for the land of her birth, because she failed to win a spot on the 1936 German Olympic team.

She tells us she was kept from competing because she was Jewish. She then contradicted herself by claiming she was "coerced" into training by certain "veiled threats" against her family. While it is true that she couldn't belong to the German Athletic Association, "where the best training and competition existed," she failed to mention that Jewish track and field athletes had their own organizations and trained for years under the watchful eye of the National Socialist government.

When she competed at the Adolf Hitler Stadium on June 30, 1936, she declared she was angry at "all the Nazi flags and all the officials saluting." Nevertheless she proceeded to equal the existing German high-jump record of 5' 3": "I always did my best when I was angry. I never jumped better; I didn't miss a jump."

With the bar set higher and a chance to make the team by *breaking* the German record, Bergmann said she was suddenly afraid

this would be a slap in the face to the Aryans. . . .Would they kill me? What would they do to my family? . . .I just fell apart. I couldn't really lift myself again.

The German Olympic Committee wrote Bergmann: "Looking back on your recent performances, you could not possibly have expected to be chosen for the team." What happened is not unknown in the world of competitive sports. For some athletes the pressure and the spotlight are too much. A few get so nervous they can't perform at all. In other words, Gretel Bergmann "choked." This is clearly what the Olympic Committee's letter referred to. Her performance was not up to expectations. So she didn't make the team.

Bergmann explains that her pre-Olympic successes were part of a larger plan. To forestall foreign criticism of its anti-Semitic policies, the German government *allowed*, if not encouraged, Jewish athletes to compete. So what Bergmann is saying is that she was initially coerced into training by veiled threats, and then frightened into failure because she feared reprisals. If it really was government policy to temporarily soften its anti-Semitic image, then her failure to make the team was a blessing in disguise. Had she won a gold medal in the high-jump, competing

under the Nazi banner, Goebbels would have pointed to her as the ultimate proof that Germany was still a tolerant and fair-minded country. Consequently, Bergmann's later life in Queens might not have been so pleasant. Certainly she would have been described as a traitor to her people.

Ira Berkow, the N.Y. Times' reporter, goes on to tell us "no German Jews could have competed" for Germany in 1936. Not true. In her recently published autobiography, *Leni Riefenstahl: A Memoir*, quotes from a 1958 letter by Professor Dr. Carl Diem, former secretary general of the 1936 International Olympic Committee:

[T]he German government expressly assured the IOC that all races could participate unhindered in the Olympic Games and these promises were kept. I can name the Ball brothers in ice hockey and the fencer, Helene Meyer, who won the silver medal. I may add that these non-Aryans of the German team were not prevented from getting their start in Germany.

If Helene Meyer could win a silver medal in fencing, with a team captain like Reinhard Heydrich looking over her shoulder, Bergmann's anxiety could be delineated as stage fright.

When the author of this article was a kid growing up in Queens, baseball stardom only arrived for a young player when his picture (and statistics) were found on trading cards issued by bubble gum companies. Imagine my surprise upon discovering that the Times article included the photo of a "souvenir card" from *Teneriffa Cigaretten*, which states in the lower right hand corner: *Serie 1 - Bild 9 Gretel Bergmann, Stuttgart, beim hochsprung.*

It was a picture of Bergmann tying the German (female) high-jump record of 5' 3" in June 1936. With millions of tobacco users in Germany at the time, it may safely be assumed that this photo of Bergmann was circulating throughout the country during the autumn and winter of 1936, which means she was probably admired by a significant number of Aryan track and field enthusiasts.

*Gnädige Frau*, was it really as bad as you suggest?

In 1937, one year after the Olympics, Bergmann was safely in the U.S. and won the U.S. championship for the female high-jump. In the Year of Our Lord 1996, although a U.S. citizen, the German government, as a means of begging forgiveness for sins not committed, made her an honorary member of the German Olympic Committee.

In accordance with the media's determination to attach a Jewish angle to everything that happens these days, Gretel Bergmann made page one of the N.Y. Times shortly before Atlanta played host to the giant flea market, sprawling mall and commercial orgy known as the Olympic Games.

## Kid Fiction Is Not What It Used to Be

Far be it from me to defame the comeliness of another culture's women, but wherefrom comes the oddest of conventions that calls big attractive gals of our breeding Amazons? One good look at a real Amazon is all that's needed to recognize the enormous gulf that separates the tall European ideal of Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, Rider Haggard and Richard Harding Davis from the pygmy-like form of actual Amazon females.

The difference got me thinking the other day about the source of this nomenclatural mixup. One possible explanation lies in the pages of the books of one of America's most race-conscious writers, Edgar Rice Burroughs, creator of the Tarzan series which, in their day, featured tall Amazon women cavorting about the jungle vines with a fair-skinned Tarzan. Burroughs was an Englishman, an early-day father of the fifty-cent youth novel and a confirmed exponent of the racial doctrines that permeated his times. If Tarzan made love, it could only be with women worthy of his genes—tall Amazons not short ones. In his books, blacks were considered so outré that they simply didn't figure in plot lines even though his stories were normally set in darkest Africa. (To this day Tarzan books are bitterly resented by racially hip blacks, both here and abroad, who well understand what Burroughs was driving at.)

The youth novel had its serious purpose of racial indoctrination as well as the reinforcement of middle-class (white) values. More popular than Burroughs' Tarzan (which, by the way, made him sufficient millions to live in retirement on a palatial Southern California estate called Tarzana) was the Rover Boys series created by Edward Stratemeyer, a prolific writer who, under other names, wrote the Dave Dashaway Motor Boat series and the Jack Ranger compendium. Before the Rover Boys there was Yale's great fictional hero, Frank Merriwell, created by Gilbert Patten. Afterwards, in 1930, came the popular Nancy Drew series, giving the idealistic American girl her literary moment in the sun. By that time, however, life's ugly realities were beginning to make the placid pascings of the youth novel old hat.

The 30s was the era of the hard-boiled detective story. However contrived, the youth novels of the 20s and before taught a cogent message of racial self-awareness that was well-received by

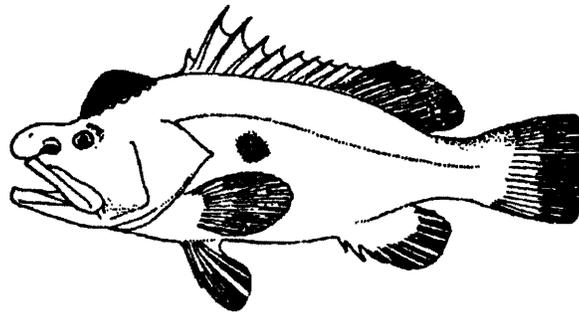
an Anglo world of fair-skinned Americans, Brits and Northern Europeans. The great drawback of the youth novel of its day was not its innocence or racialist bent, but its middle-class bias. Persons depicted as poor and unkempt were not merely pitied, but classified as evil-doers to be shunned as moral lepers. In a world of Depression economics where nice people were losing their jobs and moving in with relatives, such a distinction became problematic. Class could not be a defining characteristic of the Western ideal.

In his own brilliant musings, N.B. Forrest often updates that same message, pointing out how prejudices of the American upper class have been at the core of our racial discomfort. By opening the doors of opportunity, not to the meritorious among us, but to the meritless among the minorities, the Ford, Rockefeller and Guggenheim Foundations have made a mockery of our social order. So, to the youth novel of long ago, to Burroughs, to Stratemeyer and certainly to N.B. Forrest I tip my hat.

IVAN HILD

Tip the scales in your favor

### Get to Know Your Jewfish



**LESSER JEWFISH**  
*Proboscis Giganticus*

**C**haracterized by ichthyologists as both thick-headed and thick-skinned, the Jewfish is the largest species of the sea bass family. As a rough-scaled bottom dweller, the gimlet-eyed Jewfish frequently competes against sharks and other predators of the deep. Fond of warm South Atlantic waters, the Jewfish is known to be especially prevalent in the Miami Beach area.

Clumsy-looking ponderous and rather sluggish, the Jewfish can grow as large as 8 feet and 800 lbs. Though it starts life as a hatchling a mere fraction of an inch in length, the Jewfish's problems soon change from mere survival to that of consuming enough to maintain its bloated constitution. Becoming more confident and bold as it grows, the mature Jewfish is as powerful as it is voracious.

If a diver enters the feeding pattern of the Jewfish slowly and without sudden movement, the Jewfish is likely to see him as part of the environment and ignore him. However, if one moves boldly and decisively, there is less danger than if one attempts to swim away. Taking the initiative and swim-

ming toward the Jewfish will usually drive him away. Jewfish who have been pursued or attacked by man, however, quickly learn to be alert, cautious, and elusive.

One of the most celebrated encounters with a Jewfish occurred in 1974 in the Gulf of Mexico near Corpus Christi, Texas (Jewfish are known to hang around oil rigs). While scuba diving in 35 feet of water, Steve Withers was swallowed whole by a giant Jewfish, who sensed something wasn't quite kosher and immediately spit him out.

Sport fishermen insist that Jewfish are excellent food fish, but Jew-baiting remains a tricky proposition.

Though some alarmists insist that the Jewfish is threatened with extinction, the species is hardly floundering. Indeed, some observers feel the Jewfish is more robust than ever. Rumors of a fish kill of 6,000,000 during the early 1940's have been greatly exaggerated. The exceptional heartiness of the species goes to prove the maxim, "Once a Jewfish, always a Jewfish."

JUDSON HAMMOND

## Non-Jewish Jews?

I am a member of the National Association for the Advancement of Ashkenazic Americans N.A.A.A.A. The Ashkenazics are a Slavic-Turkic People rooted in Eastern Europe. They converted to Judaism on or about 1000 A.D. In their westward movement they developed the Yiddish Language.

Being an Ashkenazic, I am concerned with the future of my people. Some "experts" think we are Hebrews and Semites, but that is not true. We never came from Palestine nor did we ever want to live there.

Zealots won't let us forget the religious conversion we made 1,000 years ago. We are mainly non-theistic and have our own economic and cultural concerns. Religious fanatics and Zionists are depleting our energy. If not stopped, they will cause our social death.

Our organization believes that once

the Ashkenazics recognize their history as a Slavic-Turkic people they will have a new vision of themselves. The idea that their history is written in mythological Scripture will be gone. They will find it wasn't Yaweh who led them to greatness, but the power gained by natural selection. Since Ashkenazics were given no chance to work in a Christian and Muslim environment, they survived only by creating their own livelihoods.

This entailed a high cognitive ability. Those that didn't have it died. Even though our people are small in number the footprints we leave are very large. We are about to enter a new century and it's time to look at the nature of an old enemy. "Envy" is its name. The higher we climb, the more bitter is the crowd below. We must come to terms with this situation. Otherwise that crowd will pull us out of our heights and destroy us.

I suggest we stop wasting our energy in synagogues and development of the Holy Land. We won't find salvation there. A secular approach to our defense is needed. The world has to accept our talents without envy. Perhaps with eugenic engineering they can duplicate our natural growth.

We Ashkenazics have to solve our problems now. Our National Association is designed for this agenda. We are not a fund-raising organization. We only require that you evince the spirit of this letter.

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*Editor's Note: The above mini-manifesto came to Instauration through the mail. The writer identified himself, but did not give us permission to use his name. It is difficult to tell whether what he wrote is on the level, a hoax or news about a weird new cult. At any rate, for those interested in the Jewish question, it makes intriguing reading.*

## Confucius say... "You likee this book velly, velly much!"

The descendant of a proud family of Chinese merchants, Robert E. Lee was educated at the best business schools America could offer. Upon graduation, he had a job waiting for him in the family business in Hong Kong. His success was all but guaranteed. But there was a great yearning in his life, a yearning that could only be satisfied by Mary Anne Custis, the vivacious Southern belle he had met at a costume ball and hadn't been able to get out of his mind. It should have been a match made by destiny—she came as a lady-in-waiting; he as a knight. But when she lifted his visor for a peek, the chink in his armor was apparent. He wasn't the Southern gentleman she thought he was. His family might disinherit him, but he knew the only way he could woo her was by giving her a prized family heirloom. . . a precious yellow pearl.

*Will their romance endure...or  
will it yellow with age???*

